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No 12

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SPACE ADVENTURES

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION.

ATOMIC MOUSE • COWBOY WESTERN HEROES • CRIME AND JUSTICE • FUNNY ANIMALS
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 SWEETHEARTS • TEX RITTER WESTERN • TRUE LIFE SECRETS • TV TRENDS • THE THING

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

IT WAS UNIVERSALLY ADMITTED, THROUGHOUT THE SCIENTIFIC WORLD THAT DR. PERRY CABOT WAS POSSESSED EQUALLY OF LUNACY AND GENIUS. BUT, WHILE HIS BRILLIANCE WAS UNQUESTIONED, TO HIS BEAUTIFUL WIFE, DEBORAH, AND HIS BURLY ASSISTANT, CHARLIE LOWELL, THE DOCTOR'S VILE TEMPER AND STEALTHY EXPERIMENTS HAD BECOME...

TOO MUCH TO SWALLOW!

I OUGHTA KNOCK YOUR TEETH DOWN YOUR THROAT, YOU LITTLE WORM... FOR THE WAY YOU'VE BEEN MISTREATING THIS LOVELY WIFE OF YOURS!

W-WATCH OUT, CHARLIE! THAT SPRAY GUN OF HIS... IT'S LOADED WITH...

GIORDANO
 ALASCIA

NIGHT AND DAY DR. PERRY CABOT HAD CARRIED ON HIS EXPERIMENTS WITH A MAD FRENZY...

AT LAST...TWO YEARS OF WORK ENDS IN TRIUMPH! I'VE PERFECTED AN EVAPORATIVE SERUM WHICH WILL SHRINK ANYTHING IT TOUCHES! MY HOUR OF VICTORY HAS ARRIVED!



W-WHO...DEBORAH! I TOLD YOU TO STAY OUT OF MY LAB...I DEMAND COMPLETE PRIVACY FOR MY WORK! GET OUT!

B-BUT PERRY... ..YOU HAVEN'T EATEN FOR SO LONG! IT... IT'S JUST A GLASS OF MILK AND SOME COOKIES...



WHEN I WANT YOU I'LL RING! ALL I ASK OF A WIFE IS DEVOTION...AND SERVICE! AND PRIVACY!

YOU...YOU'LL PAY FOR THE WAY YOU'RE TREATING ME!!

CRASH



SPACE ADVENTURES



HE...HE'S IMPOSSIBLE, CHARLIE! HE TREATS ME...; SOB!... LIKE DIRT! LIKE...; SOB!... AN IDIOT SERVANT GIRL! I HATE HIM ENOUGH TO KILL!



THIS EXPERIMENT OF HIS, CHARLIE... WHAT'S HE WORKING ON?

I-I DON'T KNOW, DEBBY! HE HIRED ME AS HIS ASSISTANT... BUT HE'S LOCKED ME OUT OF THE LAB EVER SINCE I'VE BEEN HERE! THE ONLY THING IN THIS DUMP THAT INTERESTS ME IS... UH... YOU!



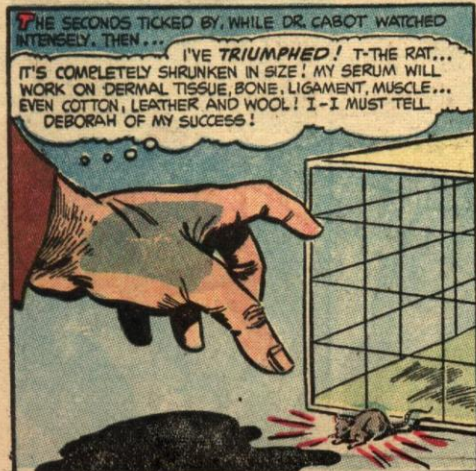
I HAD NO IDEA YOU... UH... CARED! WE'RE BOTH YOUNG! IF PERRY SHOULD DIE... ACCIDENTALLY, OF COURSE... I'D INHERIT A FORTUNE! WE'D BOTH BE FREE...

DEBBY... DARLING! B-BUT HOW... HOW?



THIS SHOULD PROVE IF I'M RIGHT! IF MY SERUM WORKS, THIS TEST RAT WILL SHRINK TO THE SIZE OF A DIME WITHIN THIRTY SECONDS!

AT THE SAME MOMENT, BEHIND THE CLOSED DOOR OF DR. CABOT'S LABORATORY...



THE SECONDS TICKED BY, WHILE DR. CABOT WATCHED INTENSELY, THEN...

I'VE TRIUMPHED! T-THE RAT... IT'S COMPLETELY SHRUNKEN IN SIZE! MY SERUM WILL WORK ON DERMAL TISSUE, BONE, LIGAMENT, MUSCLE... EVEN COTTON, LEATHER AND WOOL! I-I MUST TELL DEBORAH OF MY SUCCESS!



I MUST RETURN THE TEST RAT TO ITS CAGE...BEFORE IT EXPANDS AGAIN TO NORMAL SIZE! THE PRESENT SERUM'S EFFECTIVE FOR ONLY A MINUTE... DEBORAH MUST KNOW...AND THAT NUMB-SKULL ASSISTANT OF MINE!

SPACE ADVENTURES

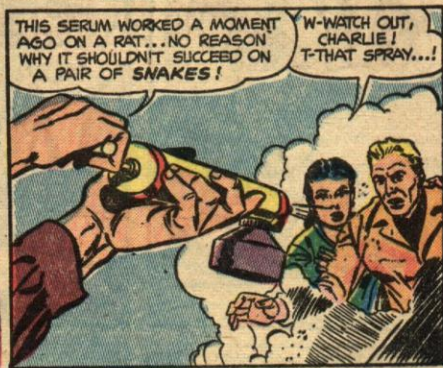


DEBORAH...COME AT ONCE!
LOWELL...I'VE MADE THE MOST
STARTLING DISCOVERY OF MY
LIFE! WHERE ARE THE TWO
OF YOU?



W-WHY...THE TWO OF YOU
IN ONE ANOTHER'S ARMS!
UNDER MY OWN ROOF,
MY WIFE CARRYING ON
AN AFFAIR WITH A
BOTTLE-WASHER!

I OUGHTA KNOCK YOUR
TEETH OUT, YOU LOUSY
LITTLE WORM...FOR THE
WAY YOU'VE BEEN STEP-
PING ALL OVER DEBBY!
FOR TWO CENTS I'D...



THIS SERUM WORKED A MOMENT
AGO ON A RAT...NO REASON
WHY IT SHOULDN'T SUCCEED ON
A PAIR OF SNAKES!

W-WATCH OUT,
CHARLIE!
T-THAT SPRAY...!

A MOMENT PASSED, BEFORE A
SHOCKING TRANSFORMATION BEGAN
TO TAKE PLACE...

WE...WE'RE
SHRINKING!

G-GOOD GOD!
WHAT'S THIS DEVIL
SQUIRTED ON
US?



WHILE DR. CABOT HOWLED WITH
INSANE GLEE, THE TWO FIGURES
BEFORE HIM GREW SMALLER AND
SMALLER. THEN...

DISGRACE ME,
WILL YOU? I'LL SHOW YOU THAT
NO MISERABLE WRETCH CAN MAKE
A LAUGHING STOCK OF DR. PERRY
CABOT!

N-NO...PLEASE,
PERRY! D-DON'T!



I OUGHT TO STEP ON THE TWO OF
YOU...CRUSH YOU LIKE ANTS!
BUT I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA...
I'M GOING TO USE BOTH OF YOU
IN MY FUTURE EXPERIMENTS! TWO
HUMAN GUINEA PIGS... HA
HA HAH!



SPACE ADVENTURES



I'A HAH
HAAAH!

WE-WE'VE STOPPED
SHRINKING! AND H-HE'S
GOING TO LEAVE US
ALONE, FOR AWHILE!

FOR A MINUTE, THE TWO SHRUNKEN
PEOPLE HUDDLED TOGETHER IN
FRIGHT. THEN, WHILE THEIR EYES
GREW WIDE WITH WONDER...

M-MY ARM... STARTING TO GROW
BACK TO NORMAL SIZE! THE
REST OF MY BODY
...EVEN MY SUIT...
BACK TO REALITY!

ME, TOO! OH,
CHARLIE...
MAYBE IT'S
ALL BEEN A
DREAM OF
SOME KIND!



I'M GONNA
TAKE THAT
CURSED
SPRAY GUN
OF HIS AND
TURN IT
ON...

N-NO, CHARLIE....
PLEASE! HE'LL
SQUIRT THAT SERUM
ON YOU BEFORE YOU
CAN MAKE A MOVE!
I...I HAVE A
BETTER IDEA!
LISTEN...



WHILE DEBORAH WHISPERED OF HER
PLAN, DR. CABOT FLUNG HIMSELF
FURIOUSLY BACK INTO HIS EXPER-
IMENTS. TWO DAYS LATER...

T-THE IMPROVED SERUM...IT'S TEN
TIMES MORE POWERFUL THAN MY
ORIGINAL FLUID! THIS FULL-GROWN
DOG...REDUCED TO THE SIZE OF
A GRAIN OF SAND!



DR. CABOT'S FINGER PRESSED A
BUTTON, AND DEBORAH NERVOUSLY
PREPARED HIS FOOD TRAY...

L-LET
ME GO
WITH
YOU,
DEBBY
...IN
CASE
HE...

NO, CHARLIE...I DON'T
WANT TO AROUSE HIS
SUSPICION! THIS PILL IN
HIS MILK...IT'S A DEAD-
LY POISON! AFTER
PERRY DIGESTS IT, HIS
SKIN WILL TURN A
HIDEOUS BLUE...AND
HE'LL STRANGLE TO
DEATH!



HE DRANK IT...
DOWN TO THE
LAST DROP!
WITHIN FIVE
MINUTES HE'LL
BE DEAD...
AND DEAR
CHARLIE AND
I WILL BE
FREE TO
MARRY!

THEY BOTH
HATE ME...
PLAN TO STEAL
MY PRECIOUS
SERUM! BUT
THEY'LL NEVER
DO IT! HEH
HEH!



SPACE ADVENTURES



SPACE ADVENTURES

CHARLIE LOWELL, DAZED AND HORRIFIED BY WHAT HE HAD SEEN, LURCHED TOWARD THE DESK. UNCONSCIOUSLY, HIS SHAKING HAND GROPED FORWARD.

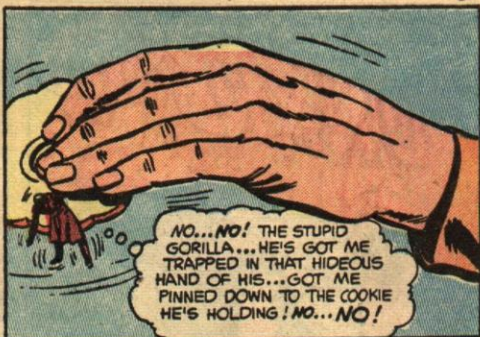


H-HIS FINGERS...
MOVING TOWARD
THE COOKIE PLATE!
I-I'VE GOT TO
GET OUT OF HIS
REACH!

IN ANOTHER MOMENT, THE TINY BODY OF DR. PERRY CABOT HAD BEEN COMPLETELY DISSOLVED AND ABSORBED. THEN...



F-FUNNY! THAT COOKIE...
QUEER TASTE! IT SEEMED
ALL RIGHT WHEN I
CHEWED IT... BUT NOW...



NO...NO! THE STUPID
GORILLA...HE'S GOT ME
TRAPPED IN THAT HIDEOUS
HAND OF HIS...GOT ME
PINNED DOWN TO THE COOKIE
HE'S HOLDING! NO...NO!

ESQUIRMING FRANTICALLY, DR. CABOT WAS UNABLE TO FREE HIMSELF. UP HE WAS CARRIED, TOWARDS A GROTESQUE CAVITY...



OH, LORD!
HE...HE'S
GOING TO
SWALLOW
ME!

DOWN PAST RAZOR-SHARP TEETH, DR. CABOT WAS HURLED...THROUGH CHARLIE'S REEING ESOPHAGUS HE WAS SUCKED RELENTLESSLY, INTO THE MAELSTROM OF HIS ASSISTANT'S STOMACH...

I-I'M DROWNING! THE
DIGESTIVE ACIDS...DIS-
SOLVING MY BODY! HELP..
HELPPPP!



E-EVERYTHING...GROWING HAZY! FEEL AS IF I'M CHOKING AND...GOOD GOD! MY SKIN... TURNING BLUE! SOMEHOW...THAT POISON OF DEBBY'S...SOMEHOW...!

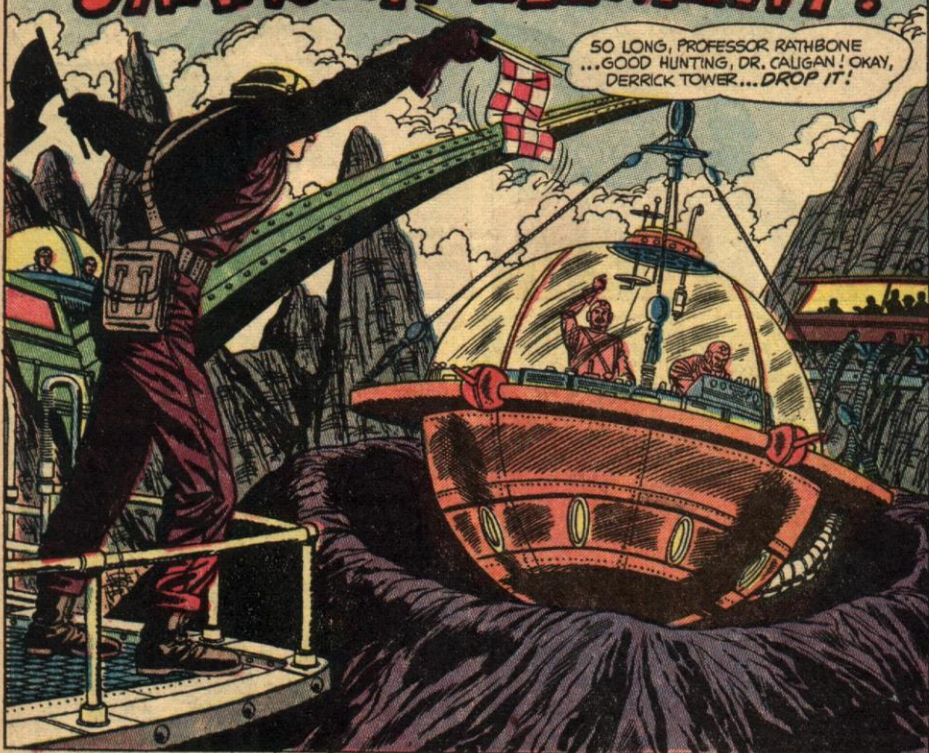


The
End

SPACE ADVENTURES

INTO THE MOUTH OF THE TREACHEROUS VOLCANO THE WEIRD CONTRAPTION WAS LOWERED. DOWN THROUGH THE SMOKY, SEARING LAVA THE SCIENTISTS PLANNED TO DESCEND...DOWN TOWARD THE EARTH'S BURNING CORE, IN SEARCH OF...

THE UNKNOWN ELEMENT!



SO LONG, PROFESSOR RATHBONE
...GOOD HUNTING, DR. CAUGAN! OKAY,
DERRICK TOWER...DROP IT!

WE ARE SWITCHING POWER
SOURCE OVER TO YOU, RATH-
BONE! CONTACT WILL BE
CONTROLLED FROM YOUR
END...OVER AND OUT!

NOW THAT YOU'VE
DROPPED THE BIG
MARBLE FOR A HOLE
IN ONE, MAJOR
LOPEZ...CAN YOU TELL
ME WHAT THIS FUSS
IS ALL ABOUT?

TAKE OVER THE MONITOR BOARD,
CAPTAIN...WHILE I BRIEF MR.
RATTIGAN ON OUR PLANS TO
GET THE SUPER-MOLE DOWN
CLOSER TO THE CORE OF THE
EARTH THAN MAN HAS EVER
DESCENDED BEFORE!

C-CORE OF
THE EARTH?
BUT...BUT...
WHY?



SPACE ADVENTURES

THAT VOLCANO WE'RE INVADING HAS RECENTLY BEEN ERUPTING SOMETHING QUITE DIFFERENT FROM ITS CUSTOMARY LAVA...THIS CURIOUS GREEN SLIME! TESTS PROVE IT TO BE A NEW AND UNKNOWN ELEMENT...

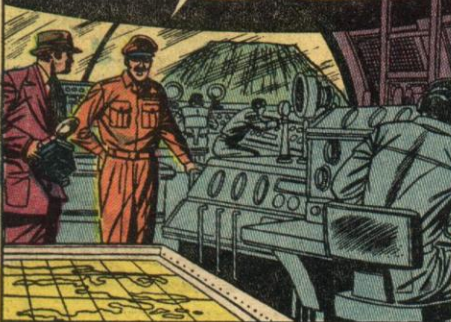
WHY NOT WAIT FOR THE STUFF TO BUBBLE TO THE SURFACE, THEN? WHY SEND THOSE GUYS DOWN AFTER IT?



BECAUSE WE'RE AFRAID, MR. RATTIGAN, THAT SOMETHING UNIQUE IS OCCURRING NEAR THE BASE OF THE VOLCANO...SOMETHING THAT ENDANGERS ALL OF US! THE SOURCE OF THIS SLIME MUST BE DISCOVERED AND STOPPED, FOR THIS SUBSTANCE IS RADIOACTIVE AND TOXIC FAR BEYOND THE DANGER POINT!



THE STRANGE GLOBE MANNED BY RATHBONE AND CALIGAN IS MADE OF A REVOLUTIONARY HEAT-RESISTANT PLASTIC CAPABLE OF WITHSTANDING TEMPERATURE AS HIGH AS 5,000 DEGREES! THEY'RE IN NO DANGER, UNLESS...EXCUSE ME! GOT TO GET BACK TO THE CONTROL PANEL!

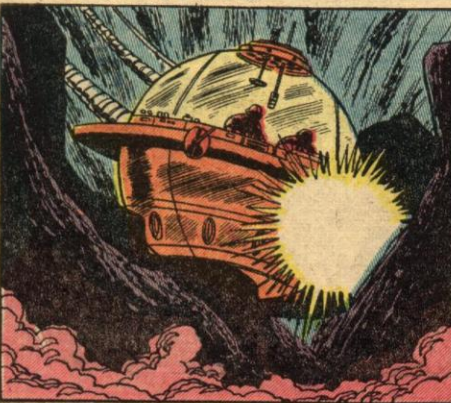


ON THE EARTH'S SURFACE, IN THE SHADOW OF THE OMINOUS VOLCANO, THE SCIENTISTS WAITED ANXIOUSLY. AN HOUR PASSED, THEN...

RATHBONE, HERE! PROCEEDING ON SCHEDULE! SUPER-MOLE FUNCTIONING FINE! NOW PAST TWENTY MILE MARK, FOLLOWING LAVA PATH WHICH FEEDS THAT MONSTER UP ABOVE! WALL OF SOLID ROCK DEAD-AHEAD!



FAR BELOW GROUND, IN THE BLAZING HOT INTERIOR OF THE EARTH...



THE ESCAPE CABLE'S FEEDING OUT BEHIND US PERFECTLY, RATHBONE! GIVES ME A FEELING OF SAFETY TO KNOW WE CAN REVERSE THE ROTORS AND SHOOT TO THE SURFACE ON THAT THING!

WHAT I'M THINKING ABOUT IS WHAT'S AHEAD, CALIGAN!



SPACE ADVENTURES

SO FAR, SO GOOD! THE FORWARD RAY'S EATING THROUGH THIS STRATA OF ROCK LIKE ACID THROUGH SKIN!



AHEAD OF US... SEEMS TO BE A HUGE CAVE!

TEMPERATURE'S APPROACHING MAXIMUM, ACCORDING TO OUR EXTERIOR INSTRUMENTS...ALMOST 5,000 DEGREES! IF OUR CALCULATIONS ARE CORRECT, WE'RE CLOSE TO OUR DESTINATION!



L-LOOK...ALL AROUND US...THAT SAME GREEN SLIME THAT'S BEEN RUMBLING OUT OF THE VOLCANO'S MOUTH, TWENTY MILES UP! WE'RE SITTING RIGHT IN THE MIDST OF IT!

THE UNKNOWN ELEMENT... NEVER BEFORE SEEN IN QUANTITY BY MAN! UGHHHH!



WE'VE LOCATED THE SOURCE... TIME TO BACKTRACK AND SEAL UP THIS CURSED CAVE TO MAKE SURE THIS STUFF IS NEVER ABLE TO COME UP TO THE ...

R-RATHBONE... LOOK!



S-SOMETHING OUT THERE...RISING UP FROM THE SLIME!

CREATURES OF SOME SORT, ON ALL SIDES OF US! G-QUICK...TELL THE SURFACE TO REVERSE ROTORS! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



FINGERS PARALYZED WITH DREAD, DR. CALIGAN TRIED DESPERATELY TO ESTABLISH CONTACT WITH THE SURFACE. AND, WHILE HE FUMBLING HYSTERICALLY WITH THE COMMUNICATIONS' LEVERS...

T-THOUSANDS OF THEM...RISING UP OUT OF THE OOZE LIKE ROTTING CORPSES RESURRECTED FROM A STINKING SWAMP! HURRY, CALIGAN... HURRY!



SPACE ADVENTURES

T-THE COMMUNICATIONS CABLE...IT...IT'S BEEN **SHORT-CIRCUITED!** WE...WE'RE **TRAPPED!**



T-THE FORWARD RAY...IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE! ONE OF THOSE THINGS IS WALKING STRAIGHT INTO ITS PATH...I'LL BURN IT TO A CRISP! MAYBE THAT WILL SCARE THE REST OF THESE GHOULS!



THE RAY'S ON FULL POWER...ZEROED IN ON THAT MONSTER! IF WE KILL HIM THE OTHERS MAY THINK WE'RE POWERFUL GODS AND...

G-GOOD LORD! IT...IT HAS NO EFFECT AT ALL! THE CREATURE'S COMING ON AS IF NOTHING'S HAPPENED!



T-THE GREEN SLIME...IT COMES FROM THEIR OWN BODIES! TH-THEY MANUFACTURE THAT HIDEOUS OOZE THEMSELVES!



THE GROTESQUE CREATURES STUMBLED FORWARD, CLOSING IN ON THE MAROONED GLOBE FROM ALL SIDES, THEN...

THE WAY THEY MOVE...THEY'RE **BLIND!**

SOME EXTRA SENSE TELLS THEM WE'RE HERE AND... **YE GODS!** THEY'RE SCOOPING UP THAT GREEN GOO...



T-THEY'RE DUMPING THAT GHASTLY STUFF ALL OVER THE SUPER-MOLE...BURYING US UNDER A LAYER OF THAT AWFUL UNKNOWN ELEMENT!

WE...WE'RE BEING SEALED IN...TEMPERATURE'S STARTING TO **RISE!**



SPACE ADVENTURES

MOMENTS OF AGONY PASSED FOR THE TWO TRAPPED SCIENTISTS, AS THE THERMOMETER INSIDE THE SUPER MOLE WENT HIGHER AND HIGHER...



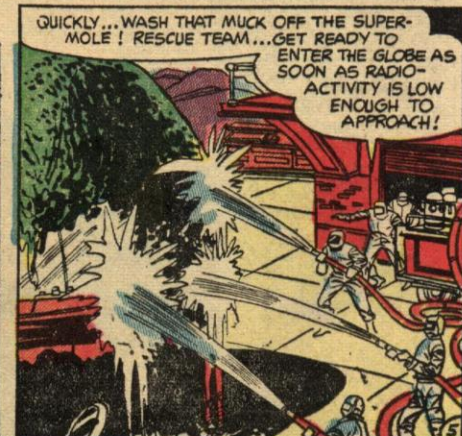
AT THAT SAME MOMENT, IN THE CONTROL STATION ON THE SURFACE...



HUGE WINCHES ROARED, AND SLOWLY THE CABLE WAS REELED IN, THEN, OUT OF THE SEARING DEPTHS...



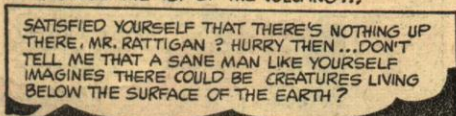
THE SUPER-MOLE, AT LAST, WAS COMPLETELY ENCASED IN AN OOZY COAT OF GREEN SLIME. THEN, AS ONE OF THE BLIND CREATURES CALLED AND THE OTHERS STUMBLER TOWARD HIM, A WEIRD WEBBED-FOOT WAS LIFTED AND...



SPACE ADVENTURES



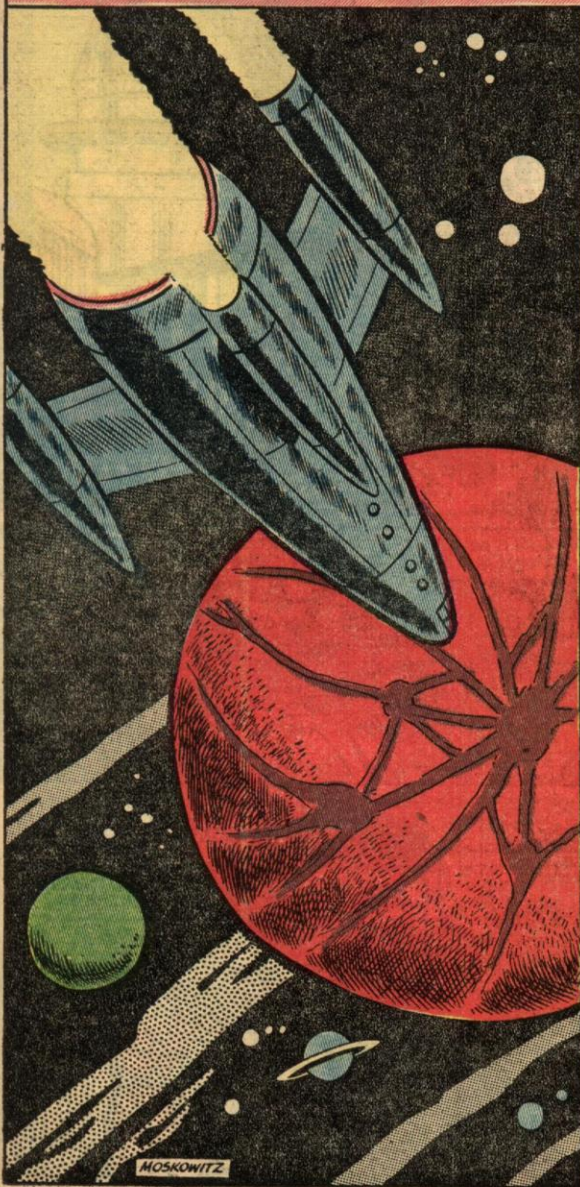
WHILE MAJOR LOPEZ ORGANIZED HIS MEN FOR A SECOND DESCENT, THE REPORTER'S BINOCULARS SWUNG ACROSS THE TOP OF THE VOLCANO...



SPACE ADVENTURES

THE SPACESHIP BLAZED THROUGH SPACE TOWARDS THE RED-COLORED PLANET--PAST METEOR SWARMS AND ASTEROIDS--PAST SWIRLING CLOUD-LIKE VAPOURS THAT CLOAKED THE HEAVENS IN MYSTERY, BUT NONE ON BOARD KNEW WHAT FATE WOULD BEFALL THEM--NOR REALIZED THAT OUT OF THEIR COLONIZATION WOULD COME ---

DEVOLUTION!



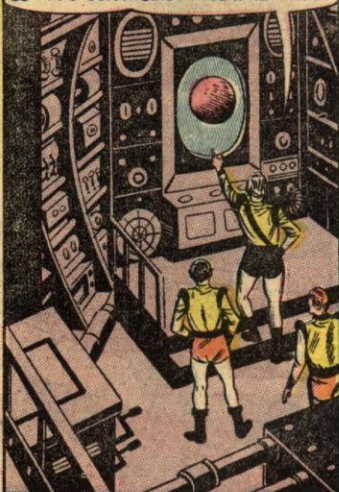
MOSKOWITZ

THE STARSHIP **CONSTELLATION** SPED TOWARDS THE PLANET THAT MANKIND HAD BEEN CONCERNED ABOUT FOR YEARS. INSIDE THE SHIP, MANY GRIM MEN WERE GATHERED AROUND AN ASTRO-CHART, EXAMINING THEIR ROUTE.

HERE IS WHERE WE ARE, GENTLEMEN. AND THIS IS WHERE WE INTEND TO LAND! MARS IS THE ONLY PLANET THAT HAS CONDITIONS NECESSARY FOR SURVIVAL!



WE'LL HAVE THREE SHORT EARTH-YEARS TO ACCOMPLISH WHAT WE SET OUT TO ACCOMPLISH. IF WE'RE NOT SUCCESSFUL BY THEN, MARS WILL HAVE CONQUERED US--AND OUR MISSION WILL HAVE FAILED!



SPACE ADVENTURES

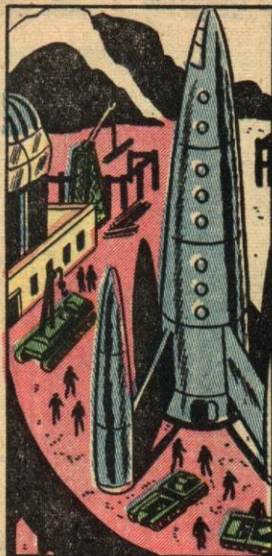
THE SHIP SWOOPED DOWN THROUGH THE THIN STRATOSPHERE OF THE RED PLANET, AND JOCKED FOR A LANDING ON THE LEVEL DESERT BELOW...

ALL HANDS PREPARE TO LAND! WE HAVE COMPLETED OUR VOYAGE FROM EARTH!

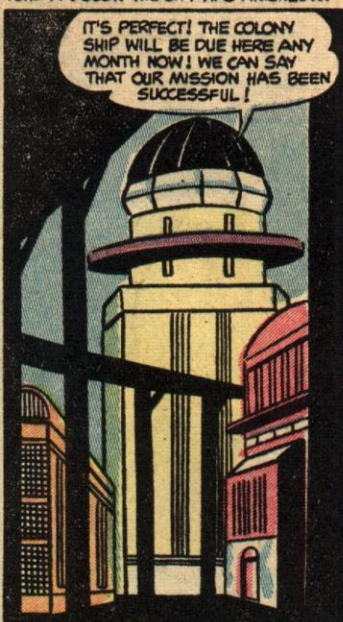
BEGIN OBSERVATION TESTS IMMEDIATELY! ALL MEN INTO SPACE-SUITS!



THREE YEARS TO BUILD A SMALL CITY ON AN ALIEN PLANET. THREE YEARS TO FIND IF LIFE COULD EXIST ON MARS. THE FIRST YEAR SAW FEVERISH ACTIVITY. THE SECOND YEAR BROUGHT RESULTS...



THE THIRD YEAR VERIFIED THEIR HOPES BEYOND A DOUBT. THE CITY WAS FINISHED...



IT'S PERFECT! THE COLONY SHIP WILL BE DUE HERE ANY MONTH NOW! WE CAN SAY THAT OUR MISSION HAS BEEN SUCCESSFUL!

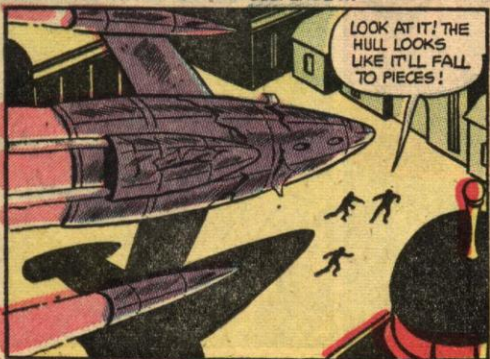
AND SO THE MEN CLUSTERED AROUND THE OBSERVATORY THAT HAD BEEN SET UP IN THE HIGHEST POINT IN THAT CITY-- TO CATCH A GLIMPSE OF THE SHIP THAT WOULD BRING THEM THEIR LOVED ONES..



HERE IT COMES! IT'S COMING IN TOO FAST!

YOU'RE RIGHT! SOMETHING'S WRONG!

IT BLASTED DOWN, JETS SCREAMING AND ROCKET VENTS WIDE OPEN. MEN SCATTERED UNDER ITS FLEETING SHADOW--AND ALL HEARTS GREW TAUT WITH SUSPENSE...



LOOK AT IT! THE HULL LOOKS LIKE IT'LL FALL TO PIECES!

NOW IT LANDED WAS A MIRACLE, THEN THE MEN WERE ALL RUNNING TOWARDS THE SHIP. A SLENDER FIGURE STUMBLED OUT OF THE HOLD, LEANING WEAKLY ON THE DOOR PORT...



WHAT'S HAPPENED?

DON'T GO... IN THERE! ALL DEAD... EXCEPT ME!

SPACE ADVENTURES

THEY WENT CRAZY BACK ON EARTH. WARS--CITIES FELL...WHAT SURVIVORS LEFT...FLED TO THIS SHIP... BUT DREAD RADIATION CHANGE... KILLED ALL...HORRIBLE DISEASE! NO CURE...FOR IT! NOTHING ALIVE ON...EARTH!



THE MEN FELL BACK, HORROR STRICKEN, FOR ON THE GIRL'S FACE HAD APPEARED A SICKENING ULCER...

GET AWAY FROM HER, CAPTAIN! SHE'S CONTAMINATED! YOU'LL GET LIKE HER, TOO!

MAYBE WE CAN TREAT HER! MAYBE SHE CAN GET BETTER!



NO! NO CURE FOR IT! RUN--RUN LIKE THOSE OTHERS! YOU'LL ONLY KILL YOURSELF! LET ME DIE ALONE!

WHAT WOULD THAT ACCOMPLISH? WHERE WOULD I RUN TO? NO! I'LL STAY HERE WITH YOU!



BUT THE MEN HAD DIFFERENT PLANS. SCANT HOURS LATER, THE ROCKETSHIP RUMBLLED AND BLASTED OFF!

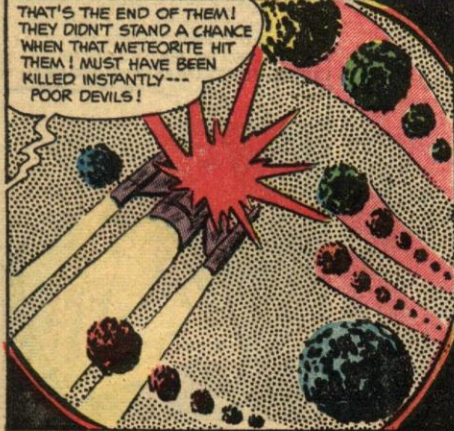
THE FOOLS! THEY DON'T HAVE ANY SPACE CHARTS! AND THEY HAVE NO PLANNED ROUTE! BUT I WISH THEM LUCK, ANYWAY!



AND, AFTER A LONG WATCH ON THE ROCKETSHIP, THE CAPTAIN'S FEARS WERE REALIZED...

AND, SLOWLY, HE TURNED AROUND--TO FACE THE SAD-LOOKING GIRL WATCHING HIM...

THAT'S THE END OF THEM! THEY DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE WHEN THAT METEORITE HIT THEM! MUST HAVE BEEN KILLED INSTANTLY--- POOR DEVILS!



NOW THERE'S ONLY YOU AND ME--THE ONLY HUMAN BEINGS LEFT FROM BOTH PLANETS!

I KNOW...!



SPACE ADVENTURES

AND SLOWLY THEY WALKED HAND IN HAND. AND THEY STOOD SIDE BY SIDE AS THEY MARRIED...



I, CAPTAIN PETER HENDERSON, TAKE THIS WOMAN TO BE MY WEDDED WIFE!

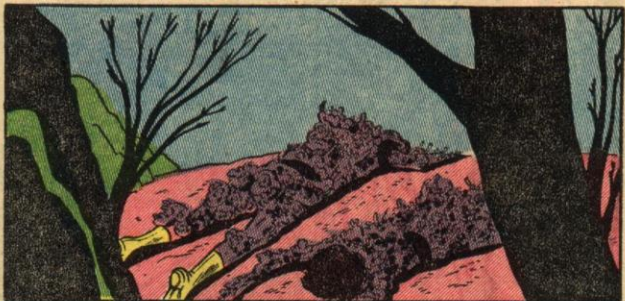
AND AS THE WEEKS AND MONTHS PASSED BY--AND AS THEIR LOVE FOR EACH OTHER GREW, THEIR BODIES SHRIVELED AND ULCERATED AND WRINKLED WITH THE DISEASE THAT WOULD BRING THEM DEATH!



THERE'S NOT MUCH TIME LEFT NOW, IS THERE?

NO. THE END IS VERY NEAR, SWEETHEART!

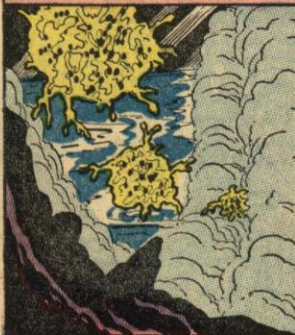
THEN, ONE DAY, THE TWO STOPPED BREATHING--AND THEIR BODIES SLOWLY CRUMBLLED INTO THE RED DUST, BUT FROM THESE BODIES CAME SPORES-- HUGE ALIEN SPORES...



COUNTLESS EONS LATER, THESE SPORES WERE TRANSPORTED INTO THE STRATOSPHERE AND FROM THENCE TO SPACE--- WHERE ANOTHER MILLION EONS PASSED, SHOWERING THEM WITH COSMIC RAYS...



FLUNG HITHER AND YON--GLIDING THROUGH SPACE--SWIRLING ABOUT A MILLION PLANETS--CARRIED TOWARDS DISTANT STARS, A FEW SLOWLY LANDED ON THE HOT STEAMING OCEAN OF A YOUNG PLANET...



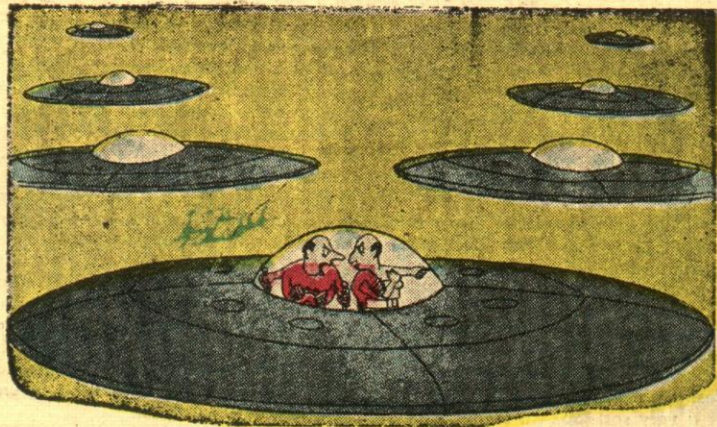
ANOTHER DOZEN BILLION YEARS LATER, THESE SPORES EVOLVED INTO TINY LARVAL FORMS--CAPABLE OF SELF-LOCOMOTION AND REPRODUCTION. AND GRADUALLY, THERE AROSE FISH WHICH IN TURN EVOLVED INTO HIGHER FORMS OF LIFE...



AND ONE OF THESE FORMS WAS DRIVEN TOWARDS LAND BY CURIOSITY AND SURVIVAL. AND WHILE THE BLUE HEAVENS OVERHEAD PRESSED DOWN, THE CREATURE RAISED ITS HEAD TOWARDS THE STARS. FOR THE PLANET WAS EARTH-- AND THE CREATURE--THE FORERUNNER OF MAN!



THE END



"SAUCERS FROM SATURN"

Dr. Charles Gerson shrugged his shoulders as he sat behind his desk and looked at his military visitor.

"I'm getting a bit sick and tired of this entire affair. You have no right to keep that young man confined to this hospital. Physically, he is an excellent specimen of our modern-day youth. We have given him a variety of mental tests. He doesn't rank as a genius; just an ordinary twenty-three-year-old fellow with perhaps a vivid imagination."

Colonel James P. Hinterman wasn't exactly satisfied with that answer. He would have much preferred a reply that Wilburt Byrne was mentally deranged. So, he decided to challenge the attitude of the head of the Parker Thompson Hospital.

"When a young man tells a detailed story of how he saw a flying saucer in the sky, chased it with a plane, forced it to land, and then talked with the commander, don't you think something is wrong?"

"The young man offered to take a test on a lie detector. So your men brought one in that you borrowed from the police department. The expert said that the results showed the young man was telling the truth," pointed out Dr. Charles Gerson. "All this is highly irregular. His lawyer is downstairs with a writ of Habeas Corpus. And what about that reporter woman, Miss Jane Collins? You can't keep her here."

The army officer pounded the desk with his fist. He was angry, for he well understood the position in which he found himself.

"Don't think I'm a bull-headed and hard-hearted monster," he retorted. "If that story

hits the newspapers, do you realize what effect it will have on our public? A man definitely claims to have spoken with visitors from another planet. They talked to him about establishing diplomatic and commercial relationships with the planet earth. It's all highly irregular and must be done through official channels."

The officer paused, as he realized what he had said in the last sentence. It was almost as though he had conceded it might have happened. Then he looked for a way out.

"If that young man were only to admit he had a drink too many, it would help a lot."

"He never touches liquor," snapped back Dr. Charles Gerson. "And he knows exactly how a flying saucer works — down to the slightest detail."

The door to the office opened suddenly, and a young lady with red hair and fire in her eyes rushed right up the officer. She was followed by a soldier.

"You can't keep me here," she shouted. "I know my constitutional rights. I have a good story, and you want to kill it. Well, you'll do it over my dead body."

"I couldn't detain her," apologized the soldier. "She said she would scratch my eyes out."

"You may leave, Corporal," Colonel Hinterman replied. "I will take care of this young lady myself."

Miss Jane Collins was the star reporter of the Herald-News. The fact that her father owned the paper had absolutely nothing to do with her knack for getting a good story. She was about to give the army officer a good

SPACE ADVENTURES

piece of her mind, when the phone rang.

"That's for me," said Colonel Hinterman to Dr. Charles Gerson. "I have been waiting for a report from Army Intelligence."

He took the receiver off the hook, slouched back in his chair and listened for the next ten minutes without saying a word. There was a smile playing over his lips when he replaced the receiver.

"I think it will be safe to release the young man," he began. "I wonder how much Miss Collins knows about this Wilbur Byrne. He has been flying for the past year, but he really wants to be a writer. He has sent a manuscript entitled 'Saucers From Saturn' to a New York Publisher, and it was accepted. This is nothing more than a cheap publicity stunt. I have to return to Washington. The case is closed."

There was a very sad look on the thin face of Wilbur Byrne, as he sat next to Miss Jane Collins.

"I'm not a first-class liar," he protested. "Of course I did write a science-fiction novel. In my story there is a flying saucer that came from Saturn. The diameter is 165 feet. It is composed of a shell within a shell. The outer shell rotates. It is powered by an energy fuel called Sinodyne. I got all these ideas while sleeping — as though messages were sent to me. And three days ago, while I was flying my small plane over Henderson's Valley, I saw this flying saucer. It landed, and so did I. The commander was called Isto Garsi. He spoke English. Said that he had been sending telepathic messages to me. I was a most receptive soul."

There was a red light, and Miss Jane Collins stopped her car. Then she turned her fury right on and gave a good dose of it to Wilbur Byrne.

"I have a good mind to dump you right here and let you walk home. I owe Colonel Hinterman an apology. In fact I am going to ask dad to invite him as a house guest over the week-end. As for you, I never want to see you again in my life."

"You don't think I would fool you," objected Wilbur Byrne. "Why from the moment I first saw you, I fell madly in love with you. And if you marry me, you will be the richest girl in the world. Isto Garsi told me he would give me earth rights to Sinodyne, and it would make me a most powerful person. They like me because my brain gets messages."

Miss Jane Collins sighed. After all, Wilbur Byrne was what you could call handsome. And every girl has an eye on the greatest objective of all — matrimony. Maybe there was a chance to reform this young man with a vivid imagination.

"Suppose you take me over to the exact spot where you saw that Saucer," she recommended.

"If you can prove your story, then I am for you one-hundred per cent."

"Since you are driving," pointed out the young man, "I will give directions. Go straight down Main Street until you reach Morton's Boulevard. Then turn right until we reach the old county road. Then straight until we get to the valley."

Two hours later the car reached its destination. Miss Jane Collins went over every inch of the ground carefully.

"If the saucer landed, then there would be some marks. All I see are tracks made by the tires of your plane. What do we do now?"

"Suppose you marry me and let me figure all that out," he said, as he took her in his arms. She didn't object as his lips met hers. In fact they were most cooperative, returning each kiss with added interest.

"You'll have to ask daddy," she reminded him, "but I don't think he will object."

Colonel James P. Hinterman was house guest of the famous publisher of the Herald-News.

"My daughter would have made a terrible mistake publishing that story," said a stout, middle-aged man. "And that young man is coming here to ask me for my daughter's hand. Some nerve. Yet, I must give him credit. Trying to get national publicity for his book does show he has some sense in that head of his."

Wilbur Byrne was most uncomfortable as he faced the army officer. And since there was a human heart inside Colonel Hinterman, he did his best to make the young man feel at ease.

"All I want is the first copy of your book when it is printed. I think I will enjoy reading that bit of fiction myself."

The phone rang in the library room. Mr. Collins answered it and then called the army officer.

"Washington is calling you. Most urgent they say."

The colonel listened without saying a word. Finally, just before he replaced the receiver, he did say one word.

"Yes."

His face was a deadly white, as though he had talked to a ghost. He looked at Wilbur Byrne and forced the words to come from his throat.

"Six flying saucers from Saturn just landed at our Army field in Washington. They were under the command of somebody called Isto Garsi. They want to speak only through one Wilbur Byrne. They say he is telepathic and understands them. Shall we leave now?"

There was a look of triumph on the young man's face as he too replied with one word.

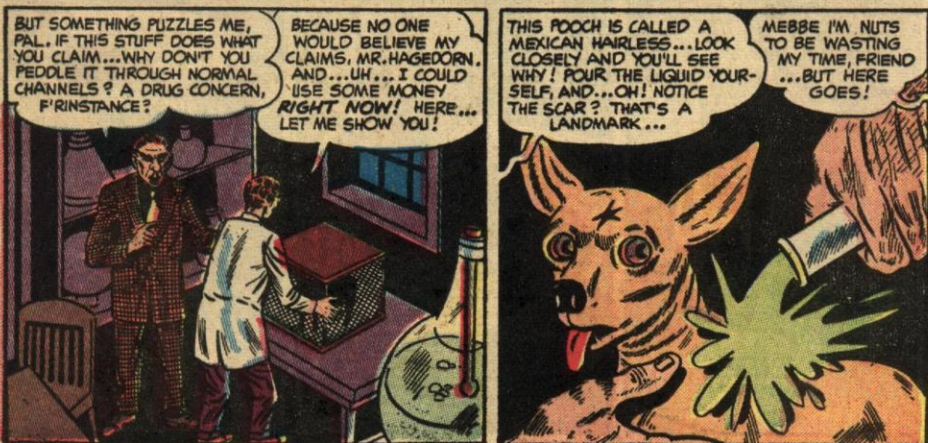
"Yes."

The End

SPACE ADVENTURES

QUENTIN FAY WAS A BRILLIANT CHEMIST...AND HIS LATEST DISCOVERY WAS THE MOST STUPENDOUS OF HIS CAREER. EVEN HE DIDN'T REALIZE HOW STARTLING IT WAS, UNTIL...

THE MORNING AFTER



SPACE ADVENTURES



SPACE ADVENTURES



WORKING NIGHT AND DAY, AROUND THE CLOCK, BRILLIANT QUENTIN FAY FILLED THE ORDER IN ONE WEEK. THEN...



HERE, SIR, IS MY PERSONAL CHECK! I'M SURE THIS WILL WORK OUT TO OUR CONTINUED SATISFACTION!



SHOULD I GIVE 'IM THE BONUS NOW, BOSS ?

N-NOT NECESSARY, MANNY! I---I'LL BE IN TOUCH WITH YOU SHORTLY, MR. FAY! COME, BOYS... LET'S GET MOVING!



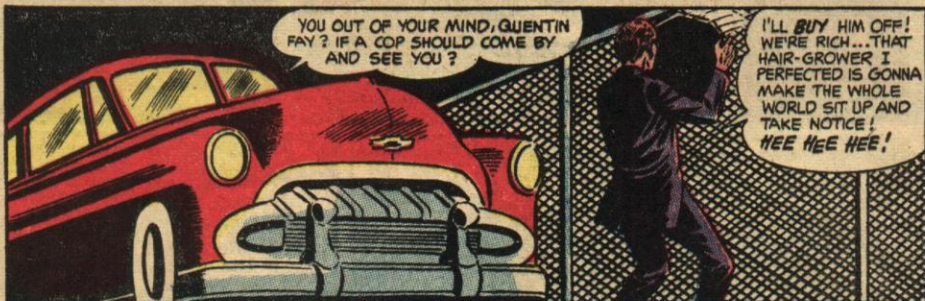
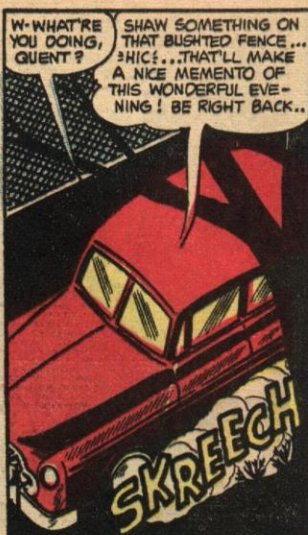
SHEILA...SHEILA! LOOK WHAT I'VE GOT! HURRY UP...THIS IS A RED LETTER DAY! WE'RE RICH!



SPACE ADVENTURES



SPACE ADVENTURES



SPACE ADVENTURES



THAT'S FUNNY! THE WATER COMING FROM THE FAUCET...IT LOOKS RUSTY! I'D BETTER HAVE QUENT LOOK AT IT FIRST THING TOMORROW! I'M SO TIRED I FEEL AS IF I...YAWN...COULD SLEEP FOREVER!



THE EXHAUSTED FAYS ENJOYED THE SOUND SLEEP OF THE WEARY AND TRIUMPHANT, THEN ...

DRAT IT...**ALARM!** GOTTA GET RIGHT UP AND START WORK ON THE ANTIDOTE TO MY SECRET FLUID...GOTTA FIGURE OUT A WAY TO CONTROL THE GROWTH OF HAIR RESULTING FROM MY MAGIC ELIXIR!



G-GOOD LORD! SHEILA...Y-YOU... YOUR...GULP...

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, QUENTIN FAY?



CAUTION
PUBLIC WATER
SUPPLY RESERVOIR!
THIS IS THE
WATER YOU USE
FOR WASHING
AND DRINKING!

HAVEN'T YOU EVER SEEN A WOMAN WITH A HANGOVER BEFORE?



THE INVASION OF EARTH WAS A MAJOR UNDERTAKING--- AND A SCOUT WAS NEEDED TO FIND OUT EXACTLY WHAT THE DANGERS WERE WAITING FOR HIS RACE. BUT WHEN THE SCOUT PROVED ITSELF SUPERIOR TO MANKIND, IT DECIDED MANKIND COULD BE DESTROYED EASILY. BUT IT MADE ONE MISTAKE---A MISTAKE THAT BOOMER-ANGED ON---

THE ALIEN RAIDER!

THE COMPACTOPRESSOR IS READY, VAL NOR. ARE YOU PREPARED TO BEGIN YOUR MISSION?

YES, SIRE! MY ROCKET AWAITS AT ITS LAUNCHING SITE. I AWAIT YOUR ORDERS!

GIORDANO
ALASCIA

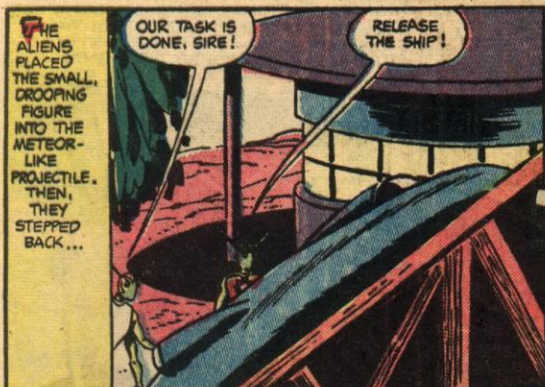
THEN WE SHALL PROCEED IMMEDIATELY! REMEMBER THIS---YOUR MISSION IS TO OBSERVE, STUDY--- AND IF POSSIBLE---DESTROY THE RACE ON THE THIRD PLANET!

IF YOU DO NOT RETURN WITHIN FOUR REVOLUTIONS OF OUR PLANET'S CYCLE, THEN WE SHALL KNOW YOU ARE DEAD. OUR INVASION OF THE THIRD PLANET WILL BE CANCELLED---AND WE WILL TURN OUR EFFORTS IN ANOTHER DIRECTION!

IF YOU SUCCEED, WE SHALL ELIMINATE EVERY LIFE-FORM ON THE PLANET AND COLONIZE IT OURSELVES. ASSISTANTS--PLACE VAL NOR IN THE ROCKET PROJECTILE!

AT ONCE, EXCELLENCY!

SPACE ADVENTURES



THE ALIENS PLACED THE SMALL, DROOPING FIGURE INTO THE METEOR-LIKE PROJECTILE. THEN, THEY STEPPED BACK...

OUR TASK IS DONE, SIRE!

RELEASE THE SHIP!

A RED GLARE OF STERN JETS, A THUNDERING THROBBING OF ATOMIC MOTORS, A PULSATING GUIVER OF FUSELAGE--AND THE ELIPSOID STAR-SHIP SOARED UP INTO THE HEAVENS!



MANY LIGHT YEARS LATER, SWEEPING ACROSS THE COLD, BLACK BOWL OF EARTH'S SKY, CAME A HURLING METEOR! ROARING AS IT ROCKETED INTO THE PLANET'S ATMOSPHERE, IT SHED A RED FLAME IN A LONG, SWIRLING ARC OF BRILLIANCE...



THUDDING INTO THE DESERT SANDS, IT GLOWED FITFULLY, FAINTLY...DEEP WITHIN THE HARD METAL SHELL, ENCLOSED IN A GLOBE OF PURE FORCE, WAS THE MICROSCOPIC INSECT!



ALONE ON THE DESERT, WITHOUT HUMAN EYES TO SEE ITS GROWTH, THE TINY INSECT GREW LARGER, LARGER...

ONLY IN A METEOR SWARM COULD I CROSS THE INTERSTELLAR SPACES IN THIS WORLD! WITH MY SIZE SUFFICIENTLY REDUCED, I MADE THE JOURNEY FROM VEGA SAFELY!



REGAINING NORMAL SIZE, I CAN TRAVEL HERE AND THERE ON THIS PLANET DISCOVERING IF IT CONTAINS LIFE---FOR THIS WILL MAKE A FINE HOME FOR MY PEOPLE!



FOR MONTHS, THE ALIEN RAIDER HID IN THE DESERT, STUDYING MANKIND, ITS WAYS AND CUSTOMS...

HIGHLY DEVELOPED! WITH AUTOMOTIVE DESIGNS AND COMBUSTION MOTORS! SO FAR--NOTHING TO FEAR! BUT I WILL NEED A WEAPON...



SPACE ADVENTURES

FROM ODDS AND ENDS THROWN AWAY BY MANKIND, VAL NOR FASHIONED A STRANGE CONTRAPTION...

THIS WILL BE MY START! WITH IT, I CAN NUMB THE NERVES OF THESE STRANGE TWO-LEGGED BEINGS, PROBE INTO THEIR MINDS, LEARN ALL I NEED TO LEARN BEFORE I START TO CONQUER...



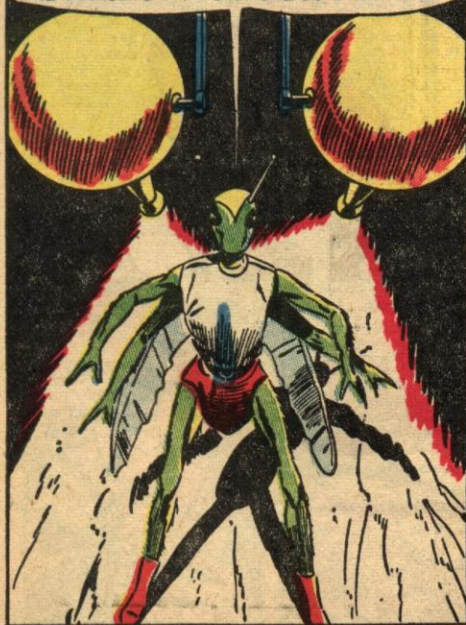
ALSO---I HAVE LOCATED ATOM PILES IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THIS HEMISPHERE. IF I CAN EXPLODE THEM...THE BLASTS WILL BE SEEN FAR OUT IN SPACE! MY PEOPLE WILL KNOW THOSE EXPLOSIONS FOR--SIGNALS!



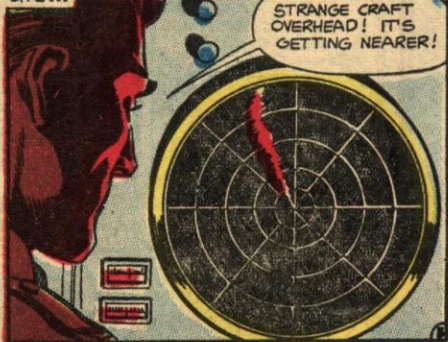
I HAVE ALREADY DISCOVERED A GREAT MANY FACTS ABOUT THIS PLANET---THE AIR COMPOSITION, THE ONE HUNDRED ELEMENTS, AND THE FACT THAT THE ROTATION IS EXACTLY **OPPOSITE** TO THAT OF MY PLANET. TIME GOES BACKWARD HERE FOR ME!



I NOT ONLY HAVE MADE MYSELF INVULNERABLE TO ANY LETHAL BOMBARDMENT OF COSMIC RAYS, BUT THE WEAPONS OF THESE TWO-LEGGED BEINGS WILL BOUNCE OFF MY SKIN LIKE SO MANY TOYS!



BUT IN A RADAR STATION IN A NEARBY U.S. ARMY SITE...

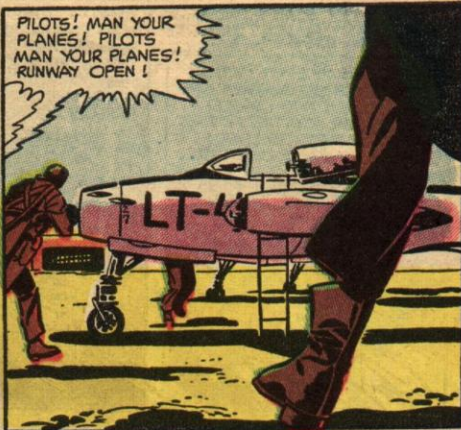


SPACE ADVENTURES

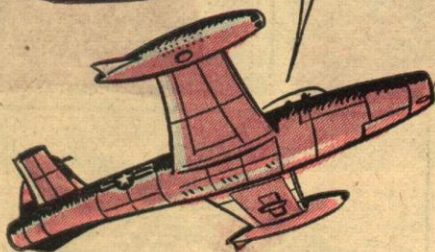
HELLO...HELLO...BLUE ROOST. BLACK KNIGHT CALLING! ACTIVATE SQUADRONS FOUR AND FIVE. UNKNOWN CRAFT APPROACHING FRINGE AREA! OVER!



PILOTS! MAN YOUR PLANES! PILOTS MAN YOUR PLANES! RUNWAY OPEN!



BLUE ROOST CAPTAIN CALLING BLACK KNIGHT...HELLO...NOTHING HERE! SCOUTING PARTY REPORTS LIKEWISE. WILL SKIRT FOR SWEEPBACK...ROGER AND OUT!



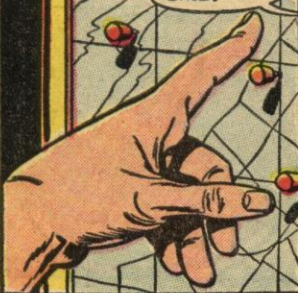
ONE DAY LATER, IN WASHINGTON ...

RADAR REPORTS ARE COMING ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, SCOTT. THE OLD FLYING-SAUCEUR SCARE IS ON AGAIN! BUT THIS TIME WE HAVE DEFINITE PROOF! HERE--ON THIS MAP!



OUR OBSERVERS SWEAR THE OBJECT THEY SAW WAS SOME SORT OF GIANT FLYING-INSECT! AND MOST REPORTS TEND TO PLACE IT IN THIS REGION!

HAVE A PLANE READY FOR ME, CHIEF. I'LL INVESTIGATE AT ONCE!



SIX HOURS LATER, AT THE SUSPECTED REGION ...

--AND YOU SAY THE OBJECT OR MONSTER INSECT--WHATEVER IT WAS--WAS REPORTED SEEN ENTERING THIS CRATER-LIKE HOLE!

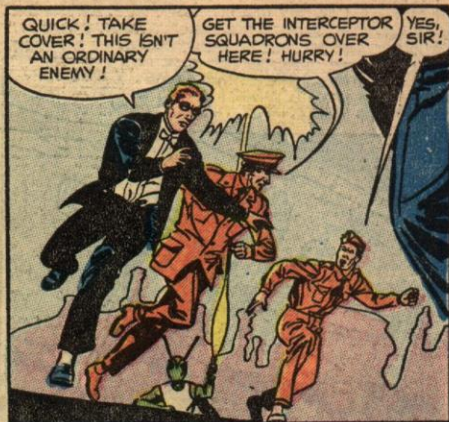
YES, PROFESSOR SCOTT. WE HAVE OUR BIG GUNS TRAINED ON IT JUST IN CASE ANYTHING STRANGE HAPPENS!



HMMM...THIS ROCK HAS ALL THE EAR-MARKS OF A FUSED METEORITE. ALL THE FACTS SEEM TO JIBE. THIS LOOKS SERIOUS...!

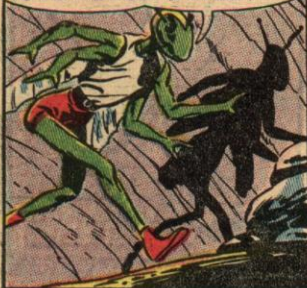


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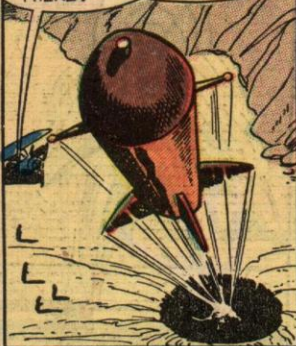


WHILE RACING UNDERGROUND GOES VAL NOR...

THIS PUTS A DIFFERENT LIGHT ON THINGS! I MUST ACT AT ONCE! FLY TO THE REACTOR PILE! **EXPLODE IT!** WITH ATOMIC CONTROL---BY SENDING A RADIO-ACTIVE WAVE WITH THIS TORPEDO, I CAN PUT IT JUST WHERE I WANT TO DO THE MOST DAMAGE!



IT'S SHOOTING A TORPEDO-LIKE CRAFT! THE ONLY POSSIBLE TARGET IS THE HYDROGEN PILE TEN MILES FROM HERE. ONCE THAT TORPEDO HITS IT--GOOD NIGHT THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE!



THE GEIGER COUNTER'S GONE MAD! THAT MEANS--THE CREATURE IS CONTROLLING THE ATOMIC RADIATION!

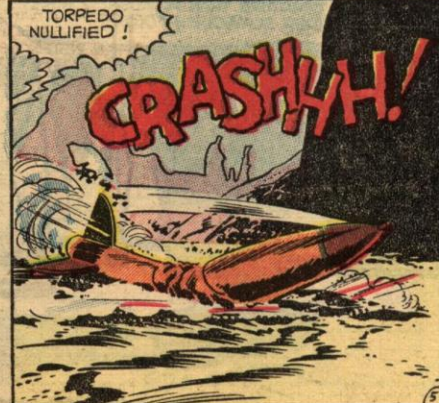
CALLING SCIENCE CENTER! ACTIVATE DYNAMO MAGNETS! THIS IS A PRIORITY EMERGENCY! OVER!



IMMEDIATELY, STRATEGICALLY PLACED DYNAMOES AND GENERATORS ALL OVER THE NATION BEGIN HUMMING---SETTING UP MAGNETIC LINES OF FORCE---A FLUX OF ENERGY THAT INJECTS ITSELF INTO THE AIR!



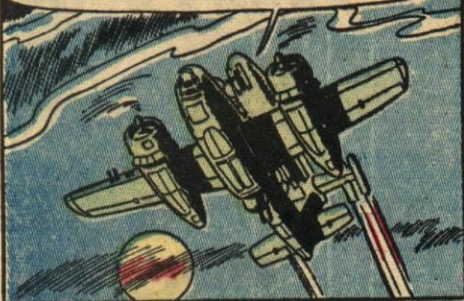
AND MOMENTS LATER---FAR AWAY IN THE DESERT...



SPACE ADVENTURES

BUT THE ALIEN RAIDER HAS NOT BEEN IDLE, SENDING HIS NEWLY-CONSTRUCTED SPACESHIP TOWARDS THE LEADING GIANT INTERCEPTOR-BOMBER...

TWO CAN PLAY AT THE SAME GAME. I HAVE CAPTURED THE LEAD BOMBER! I WILL DESTROY THE OCCUPANTS AND CRIPPLE THEIR ATTACK!



AND SECONDS LATER, ON THE GROUND...

RESISTANCE IS USELESS, EARTHINGS! DEFY ME AND YOU SHALL DIE--HORRIBLY!

GET SET TO FIRE, MEN! WE'LL GO DOWN FIGHTING!



BUT FATE IS FASTER! VAL NOR SHUDDERS MOMENTARILY--THEN-- BEGINS TO SHRINK!



WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME?

I--I CANNOT HOLD ONTO THE WEAPON! IT IS...GETTING... HEAVY FOR ME! I AM LOSING ENERGY...



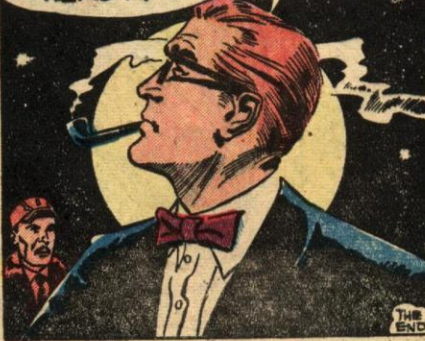
THE **ONE** DETAIL I DID NOT PREPARE AGAINST...! I HAVE LOST ---LOST TO A TIME PARADOX! MY OWN WORLD IS CONTRARY-WISE* IN TIME TO THIS! I AM **LIVING BACKWARDS** --- BECOMING AN EMBRYO! NO-- NO-- I MUST--MUST...



THERE! I'VE STEPPED ON IT! THERE'S NOTHING MORE LEFT OF THE CREATURE THAN A CRUSHED INSECT WOULD BE UNDER SOMEONE'S FOOT!



WE'VE WON! HIS PEOPLE WON'T ATTEMPT ANOTHER INVASION OF EARTH! BUT FOR HOW LONG? LIFE EXISTS UP THERE---SOMEWHERE! SOMEDAY WE'LL MEET! WE'LL HAVE TO BE **READY!**



THE END

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Enables You To Learn A Complete,
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EASY WAY!



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"DRY-TAB THERAPY" Eventually Allows BED-WETTING Victims to Function Normally Without Further Medication

DRY-TABS, in most cases, does not offer merely temporary stopping of BED-WETTING. In case after case, as revealed in clinical tests conducted in hospitals by medical scientists, the DRY-TABS formula proved itself to be a tablet that gives direct support to the patient in controlling his BED-WETTING. The benefits of the DRY-TABS formula may be expected to be effective beyond the period when it is taken regularly. It helps the BED-WETTING victim to restrain, tends to increase strength of sphincter and detrusor muscles controlling urination. Many cases have discontinued the use of DRY-TABS after a short time and found they were functioning normally. So BED-WETTING victims do not have to be slaves to any kind of medication if their case is of the type that responds to the re-training power of DRY-TABS. This is probably one of the greatest advancements ever made in BED-WETTING therapy. Yes, since DRY-TABS stops BED-WETTING, its use may no longer be required, normal functioning and control may be developed almost miraculously. So don't hesitate a minute longer. Order DRY-TABS Today!

DRY-TABS Amazing Formula Effective in 75% of Cases



CASE NO. 1. Healthy, intelligent boy, 9 years old. BED-WETTING since infancy. Child could not break habit. All other medication failed. DRY-TABS formula taken for two three-week periods. Child has remained well for the past three years.

CASE NO. 2. Normal boy, history of BED-WETTING since infancy. Child had no organic defect. Various cures failed. Put on DRY-TABS formula regime. After a month, habit suddenly stopped.



CASE NO. 3. Male, aged 23 years. BED-WETTING since birth. Many forms of treatment failed. Unable to accept invitation to sleep out over-night. Recently married, and embarrassed by habit. After formula taken, wet bed the first two nights but never since that time.

CASE NO. 4. Girl, aged 6 years. Wet bed since infancy. Nervous, irritable. DRY-TABS formula administered for regular period. BED-WETTING stopped almost immediately. Slight relapse. Formula administered again. Child responded immediately once more, and history reveals no further relapse.

CASE NO. 5. Man, 42 years old, wet "heavily." Medication started. Wet during second week and continued to wet when medication was withdrawn for following week. Restarted after rest period, and after five-day treatment seemed to retain control of bladder function.

CASE NO. 6. Woman, 76 years old. DRY-TABS formula administered for 6 days. Improvement upon withdrawal of medication, improvement remained. Continued gradual return of control. One year without formula and control is adequate.



STOP BED-WETTING

Without Electrical Devices...
Rubber Sheets... Alarms...

Ends Shame, Discomfort,
Inconvenience
Almost Miraculously!

WHY endure the needless shame, embarrassment, humiliation... the discomfort and distress of this unfortunate habit? Why put up with the daily nuisance of changing and washing bed linen and clothes? Why suffer the mortification of foul smelling bedrooms... the expense of ruined furniture... the danger of catching cold and infectious rashes?

Doctors agree that BED-WETTING can cause nervousness, stuttering and emotional disturbances in children, very often seriously affecting their future and character, making them "psychological cripples."

But now the disgrace and danger of BED-WETTING can very easily be a thing of the past with amazing new DRY-TABS. At last, medical science has discovered a safe, new, easy way to stop BED-WETTING without electrical devices... without rubber sheets, alarms or special diets and without interfering with needed sleep. DRY-TABS, in easy-to-take tablet form, does away with BED-WETTING as painlessly, easily and simply as swallowing an aspirin. Yes, almost miraculously, amazing, safe DRY-TABS, used as directed, help stop functional BED-WETTING... relieve tension and strain, often the underlying cause in most cases of this unfortunate habit. Now, for the first time, safe DRY-TABS can be obtained without prescription.

DEVELOPED AFTER YEARS OF EXTENSIVE HOSPITAL AND CLINICAL RESEARCH AS REVEALED IN MEDICAL LITERATURE

The discoveries of science, many times, are brought about by indirect means. Take the case of the exclusive DRY-TABS formula. Medical practitioners chanced upon this formula while they were investigating a remedy for another illness. Noting the remarkable effect that this formula had upon BED-WETTING they concentrated their efforts on this new data and developed the formula to its present state of perfection. The result is the new DRY-TABS, a remarkable tablet that has brought new hope to thousands of the tormented victims of BED-WETTING. Before this formula was released to the public, it was tested in clinics and hospitals by medical scientists on controlled groups of patients. The DRY-TABS formula is the result of thorough medical research, the same kind of research and care that is given to any product that is to be placed in the hands of the public. Chalk up BED-WETTING as one more ailment that has been conquered by the men of science. Think of it, no expensive electrical devices, cumbersome rubber sheets, special diets or mechanical alarms... just a wonderful new tablet... DRY-TABS... product of medical research... offering the hope of a new future for all these sufferers of BED-WETTING. Be sure to order DRY-TABS today!

ADULTS: START LIVING A NORMAL LIFE TONIGHT!

Scientific tests actually prove DRY-TABS to be 75% effective in stopping this unfortunate habit—even after years of torment! Ends the constant worry of overnight hotel stops and fear of public embarrassment while napping on trains and buses. Don't wait another day. If your loved ones suffer the humiliation, the disgrace, insecurity and helplessness only BED-WETTING can cause, order DRY-TABS NOW! Easy to take, can be dissolved in water if necessary. Just follow simple directions.

MAKE THIS HOME TEST: Here is your guarantee of satisfaction. Try DRY-TABS for the prescribed period. If you are not completely overjoyed with DRY-TABS' amazing ability to help stop BED-WETTING, your purchase price will be refunded. Accept this no-risk offer. Order DRY-TABS now!

SEND NO MONEY: Just name and address for generous 3-week supply. On arrival pay postman only \$3.00 per package plus C.O.D. charges on guarantee of complete satisfaction or money back.

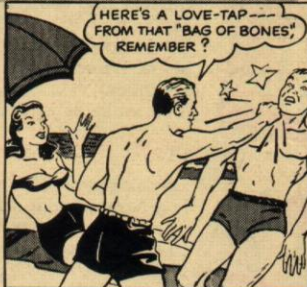
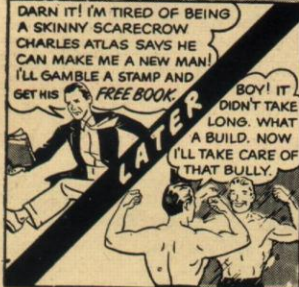
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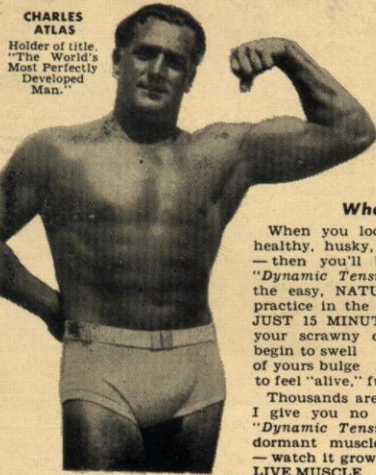
Please send me 3-week supply of DRY-TABS on guarantee BED-WETTING must be stopped or money back.

- ☐ Send C.O.D., I will pay postman \$3.00 per package plus postage.
- ☐ Cash enclosed, we pay all postage.
- ☐ Send 2 packages (6-week supply) for \$5.50.

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Address _____
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